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The True Woman.

Edited by Mrs. Charlotte E. Mc Kay.

Vol. I.—No. 3.] BALTIMORE, MAY, 1871. [Price 5 Cents.

From Tennyson's Princess.

"Woman is not undevelopt man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man,
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this—
Not like to like, but like in difference,
Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
She, mental breadth, nor fail in childward care;
More as the double-natured poet each,
Till at last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.
And so these twain upon the skirts of time
Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To be,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities.
Then comes the statelier Eden back to men;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm,
Then springs the crowning race of human kind.
May these things be!"

Lives and Opinions of True Women.

NUMBER II.

BY MRS. A. L. PHELPS.

EMMA WILLARD.

In an appeal to the women of the country, the writer of this article reverently used the name of her deceased sister, Emma Willard, as having ever condemned the agitation of the "Woman's Rights" question, so different from her own views of the appropriate sphere of the sex.

The *Woman's Journal*, in commenting on the appeal, claims that Emma Willard's opinions were in favor of the "Woman's Rights question." We will examine into the evidences against such an assertion, which would implicate the writer as having either been ignorant of her sister's opinions, or wilfully misrepresenting them.

We will first quote her own words, as found in a periodical called the *Family Journal*, published in 1848, which seems providentially to have fallen in our way at this time.

"The subject of *Woman's Rights*," says Mrs. Willard, "has of late occupied the public mind and press, and several persons have called on me '*to define my position*,' WHICH IS HERE DONE.

EMMA WILLARD."

Then follows a letter, which she had recently written to a distinguished statesman of France, and friend of Lafayette, Dupont de l'Eure, recommending certain improvements in society through the instrumentality of educated women. Our limits will allow but a few extracts, bearing on the subject before us.

"First, I maintain, in direct opposition to the *Socialists*, that in the single family we behold a natural government, of which the husband and father is the natural sovereign." * * * * "Woman is not merely man's satellite, for then must she accompany him in his wildest deviations from the holy centre of perfection."—* * * * "From the tenor of some of our preceding observations, it may be expected that we shall advocate the equal right of our sex to a representation in a national political convention. But this is not our plan. We do not believe it to be the plan of God." * * * * "Let each sex, then, keep its own place. We find a diversion of duties founded in nature."

Mrs. Willard then recommends to Dupont de l'Eure, then at the helm of state in France, the appointment of women to certain trusts;* for *primary education*, the *care of the poor*, *the public morals*, (*especially in respect to the conduct of women*,) *and the care of a liberal female education.*

In conclusion, she says: "Thus far have I sketched, with no timid hand," (when was Emma Willard known to be timid in proclaiming what she thought was right?) "a plan, which, instead of counteracting the laws of God, respecting the union of the sexes, makes these laws its basis and model." Such were the opinions of Mrs. Willard in 1848. We will now refer to a period anterior to this. In her published "Letters and Journal in Europe," in 1830-31,† we meet with frequent remarks upon the "Woman Movement," then preached by Socialists in France, Robert Owen in Great Britain, and Fanny Wright in America. In one of her letters, Mrs. Willard says: "Their tenets, as propounded to me, are an unintelligible jargon. *They talk foolishly of Woman's Rights*, &c. When will mankind learn that their part in the order of things is their *duty;* the submitting to God's allotments?"

In England Mrs. Willard was introduced to a "Woman's Rights" woman, whom she describes "as a lady of majestic appearance, well dressed, but with a certain wildness of eye and countenance, which gave the idea of a "fine mind, somewhat disordered." "This lady began," says Mrs. Willard, "by telling me she had learned that I was *a champion for my sex*." She then went on with her own ideas of our *deplorable condition*. "But you would seem," said I, "to arraign the wisdom and goodness of God." She professed that she saw no evidence for such belief. I was shocked, and expressed myself in language too severe for politeness. From my soul I pitied her. No wonder, with such rebellious feelings towards God's providences, her whole body and mind should be "one burning mass of pain." She had thus described to Mrs. Willard her mental and physical sufferings. "If that woman," says Mrs. W., "instead of *idle* declarations about *the rights of our sex*, had set herself to the work of elevating their standard of morals and intellect, she might have been a blessing to future generations." In one of her last letters from England, Mrs. Willard writes: "My lot is cast with my country and my sex."

In 1852 Mrs. Willard, in a second petition to the Legislature of New York, in behalf of female education, distinctly reaffirmed what she had ever declared, that her object was to have women fitted for their *own proper sphere*. As in her first petition to the Legislature, in 1819, she *had said*, "*the elevation of the female character is inseparably connected with man's happiness at home and his respectability abroad*," so in her last petition, after the lapse of more than thirty years, she insists on this, that women should receive education to fit them for *their own sphere*. She asserts distinctly, "it has never been my intention to model an institution after those for males. In the first page of my memorial, brought before the Legislature in 1819, this was plainly declared in the following language: I hasten to observe, that the seminary here recommended will be as different from those appropriated to the other sex as the female character and duties are from the male." Mrs. Willard, in her last petition, refers to the *sound conservative influence*, which had ever characterized her own seminary, where the pupils had been taught that woman should *quietly perform the duties of her station;* believing, however, that their sphere of usefulness would be enlarged when men, their natural rulers and protectors, should find them fitted for higher responsibilities. The letter to Dupont de l'Eure states what were her views with respect to those higher and more public trusts, in all which, never *one word of the ballot*, or *of defiance towards men*.

Mrs. Willard was the first woman supplicant to any Legislature for greater ed-

*Mrs. Willard says, "France has her great women as well as her great men," and refers to Madame D. W. Belloc and her friend, Adelaide Montgolfier. If these noble women have survived the horrors of war, and of the revolution, which is now carried on by French *Socialists*, how would they be astonished to learn that *American Socialists* claim the name of Emma Willard as "the synonym of the extremest radicalism."

†These letters were mostly addressed to the writer of this article, who, in her sister's absence, presided over the Troy Seminary.

ucational advantages for her sex; but let us mark her language concerning "*woman's sphere*," "*her peculiar duties*," "*her conservative influence*," &c.

In 1860, deeply alarmed at the prospect of a civil war in her country, which she so loved, and whose history she had so much studied and written upon, Mrs. Willard prepared and circulated a petition to Congress, to which she had, it is believed, nearly 15,000 signatures of patriotic women, begging that some conciliatory measures might be adopted to prevent the threatened calamity.* She expresses the hope that a plan suggested "may be received with favor, as coming from that sex whose mission on earth is *peace, duty and righteousness*, both to devise and to fulfil." Had the High Commission, as advised by Mrs. Willard, been appointed from Northern and Southern statesmen to settle the questions then in dispute, from what terrible calamities would our country have been saved! We enter not into that subject; our only object is to prove, what we have never expected to have been questioned, that Emma Willard was a "true woman," opposed to radicalism in all its forms, intent on making her own sex truer and better. How different her style and language from that of the *American Socialists!* In her address to Congress, she says: "Our humble petition is, that those to whom in our feebleness we look for help, will not allow party or sectional prejudices to prevail over a spirit of mutual conciliation. We pray you for our sake, and in the name of every endearing tie which unites man to woman, as father, protector, brother and friend, not to abandon us to feel that we and our children are by needless animosities to lose the noble inheritance left us by our common fathers; but that the grand fabric, which they constructed, may be preserved with equal talents and virtues by their descendants." We have briefly noted her opinions during the more active years of her life.—We will, in conclusion, make some extracts from the funeral discourse of the Rev. Dr. Coit, of Troy, for twelve years the faithful pastor and friend of Mrs. Willard, intimately acquainted with her character and sentiments during her advanced age. "Verily," says Dr. Coit, "she has done more to make American women what intellectual and moral culture and the grace of God can make them, than any other teacher of her age and day. St. Paul pronounced home woman's sphere and appropriate kingdom—was satisfied that there she could control and direct husband, children or a nation better as to her own dignity and the right results than at the ballot-box or in the senate-house; and so the aim of Mrs. Willard was to make woman a queen at home, rather than one of the indiscriminate rabble, elbowing a passage amid bustle and bribery and slang—a common runner in the race-ground of life, for the stakes of gain and place and wild huzzahs. I never honored her conceptions more than when they lingered with evident delight about the true destiny and training of her sex."

Thus ends her life's history and opinions, so far as we can follow her.

What Mrs. Willard believed with respect to woman's duty and submission to God's laws in the social organization, when she petitioned the New York Legislature, in 1819, to endow a female seminary—what she maintained in 1832, when she published, (for the benefit of the Greek Normal School for girls, founded by her efforts,) her European Letters—what were her opinions on the "*Woman question*" in 1848, when she so formally and publicly "*defined her position*"—what she re-affirmed in a second petition to the Legislature of New York, in 1852—and what she declared in her address to Congress, in 1861—such were her sentiments when she remained on earth, as certified by her friend and pastor in his funeral discourse.

We trust the memory of Mrs. Willard will be fully vindicated in her forthcoming biography by the Rev. Dr. John Lord, and that the labors of her eventful life will fully prove the difference between those who talk and those who act.

Professor Davies, an old friend, who had been long associated with her in the educational labors of the country, pays the following just tribute to the memory of MRS. EMMA WILLARD:

The current questions in regard to the rights and special interests of women are now being discussed with great earnestness, and the advocates of the most advanced measures seem anxious to bring to their aid the lives and examples of all who have contributed largely to that great advancement in female education, which has distinguished and marked the present century.

Among these names, that of Mrs. Emma Willard stands quite alone; and we are sorry to see her opinions and views referred to in support of doctrines which are contrary to the whole tenor of her teachings. We trust that the bitter weeds of strife will not grow on such a grave, or shadow such a memory; and that her Christian character and brilliant life may be permitted to exert their benign influence without being drawn into controversies for which she had no taste while living, and which can add nothing to her fame.

It is about fifty years since Mrs. Willard published her plan of Female Education, which soon attracted the notice of Governor Clinton, who recommended it to the favorable consideration of the Legislature. That plan placed the foundations of elementary education on their right basis; the languages, mathematics, metaphysics, and logic. But little has since been added, and the plan has been received and accepted, as a model. Soon after, Mrs. Willard founded the Troy Female Seminary, where her system has been developed and perfected.

Mrs. Willard brought to her great work a mind as clear and comprehensive as the light of noon-day, and a spirit as soft and gentle as the shades of evening. Her enthusiasm, in the improvement and elevation of her sex, filled her soul and inspired her life. For this she lived—for this she labored; and the fruits of that life and of those labors, are scattered broadcast through the whole country, and through two generations.

Her great and special gift was her power of influence and controlling others. This was not done by little arts and petty devices: wisdom and justice were the foundations of her government—sympathy and love the secrets of her power. It is the attribute of genius to impress itself upon others; and if Mrs. Willard be judged by this standard, she certainly had few equals. Her pupils, everywhere, bear the impress of their great educator.—Trained to exact and severe thought, they analyze with logical accuracy. Inspired with the sentiment that life has duties which must be done, they do not waste it in frivolities. Having been taught by precept and example that home is the sphere and throne of woman, they fill that home with the precious joys of intelligence, peace and love.

The city of Troy, which she loved, and which has greatly honored her, is entitled to have her ashes; but the whole country has her fame, and posterity will gather in the many fruits of her labors. When the enthusiasts in the cause of Female Education shall visit her grave, they will not strew it with flowers that fade and perish, but with the garlands of affectionate memories, that will never die.

FROM the city dailies we gather the following interesting facts concerning a class of working-women in Baltimore:

The female employees of the shoe manufacturing establishments had taken measures to promote their interests by organizing into a band of the Order of St. Crispin. This not finding favor in the eyes of their employers, they withdrew their work until the organization should be relinquished. Thereupon the male employees gallantly came to the rescue of their sisters in distress, by refusing to work until the rights of the former were conceded.

This was more than the employers had bargained for. After some discussion they withdrew the oppressive injunction, and the women were invited to resume their work.

SAID a little four-year-old: "Mother, father won't be in heaven with us, will he?" "Why not, my child?" "Because he can't leave the store."

*This petition was presented to the United States Senate by Gov. Crittenden, with an eloquent appeal, and by the late Gov. Gilmer, of North Carolina, to the House of Representatives, with appropriate remarks.

Follies of the Woman Movement.

AN ADDRESS BY REV. R. LAIRD COLLIER.

The Woman Movement should be cause of surprise to no one. The great wonder is, that it has made so little headway. The most difficult sphere and duty to which any human being is born is that of wife and mother. This I shall strive to make plain hereafter. It is in the original intent and ordering of nature, and every attempt to annul this intent and order is abnormal and chaotic. The highest place, the place of dignity and divinest power, of which we know anything in this world, is the place where wife and mother hold sway.

Of woman life is born. Man is of woman. The life of the race is the gift of woman; is in the keeping of woman. In Christian times it has been freely accorded to woman to do the finer and diviner things—things that pertain to the spirit and character of the race, while man has accepted the instinct of his sex, and groveled in the lower and material things. Now, I say, we are not to be surprised, as many seem to be, that certain women seek to get rid of these terrible responsibilities and take to themselves the ways and works of men. I can not pass freely and of good heart into this discussion without acknowledging that this movement is not of the feminine, but of the masculine, instinct. It is unfeminine in its ideas, in its methods, and in its votaries. Women who have the sense of their high calling of God; who are thankful to Heaven every day that they were born women and not men; to be the wives and mothers of men—their inspiration and crown of rejoicing—have little affiliation with the ideas, the methods, the votaries of this movement. Those whom the universal consciousness of humanity deem the typical and ideal women, are those who know the secret of their celestial birth and prerogatives, and would not come down from the height of dignity, repose and sacrifice, where, by their sex, they are uplifted, to take duties man has always consented to perform, and give up dignities which man, by his sex, is naturally and eternally debarred from performing.

When the masculine bias dominates in woman that woman chafes at her physical sex, and would prefer the platform to the nursery. I impugn no one's motives; I state facts. A woman, so fortunate by birth, inherited temperament, and moral habit, as to maintain in her nature the dominance of the feminine quality, sees a higher sphere, duty, influence in moulding the intellectual, moral, and social life of her family, her husband, her children, than could possibly open to her in Senate or on platform; and if without these natural and normal surroundings of the family, she need not be without a circle of acquaintainces where she can find avenues for the exercise of womanly virtues, and avenues impossible to the entrance of man.

So I beg time and attention that I may, with the spirit and words of admiration and serious chivalry, assert that the truest women the world over—truest in that they are nearest nature—in that the type of woman is most lucidly before their eyes, are not responsible for the grossness and unseriousness, the uncouth and impatient ideas and methods of what is known as the Woman Movement. Certainly they will not consent to be held responsible for the lax, loose, and what I deem immoral sentiments we are called upon by lady lecturers to listen to on the matter of "Marriage and Divorce." These women lecturers pervert history, and drag in Christ and His Apostles to sanction what is nothing less than free-loveism, and in Christian ethics and civil law would be termed licentiousness. I do not misrepresent. I am too deeply serious in this discussion to set up men of straw for the pugilistic purpose of knocking them down. Nor do I mean to play the *role* of an alarmist. I have no intent to use frightful names to scare people away from a dreaded truth or needed reform. When divorce may come about for every incompatibility of disposition, I cannot see how the question of time can affect the morality of the matter. If people may live together a year, and then separate, with the sanction of the law, why may they not live together in the sanctity of husband and wife for a week or day, and then separate with the approval of conscience, society, and God? And, in plain words, what is this scheme in its last analysis, stripped of its flimsy rhetoric, but free-love and libertinism?

If it be said that prostitution exists any how, I must say that I thank God that it is not with the sanction of the law or the purest men and women; and may Almighty God prevent it ever should be!

I return from this digression to say that a true wife and mother is fulfilling the divinest, because most natural, functions of which any woman is capable. She may write a book and speak with power from the platform; but, if she regard these performances as her first work, as her utmost gift, she is either unfortunate in her temperament or basely low in her estimates.

The order of creation gives us women as the highest expression of God's power and intelligence. God made man, and man found himself incapable, and less than a cipher in himself. Man had faculties, but none above the plane of reason, which doomed him to come to his conclusions by the slow process of logic. Then God made woman, when the first principle of mathematics was annulled—twice one are two—and the one and the one became *one*, as in chemistry.

All the faculties of woman are above the plane of logic, not below it. She has fancy, imagination, intuition. She knows without logic; she knows because she knows; and her intuition, after all, holds the lamp for the timid feet of reason.

I concede, without debating the ground, that woman's lot implies more and more trying sacrifices than man's. But in this very element of sacrifice I find the highest and most potent pledge of woman's equality—nay, superiority to man. Show me the greatest spirit of sacrifice and I will show you the greatest spirit of life! Sacrifice is the most Godlike texture of the Universe. When a woman puts her heart under the pains and aches of her infant, or endures these to bring it to life; when she watches and waits the coming of the prodigal child, and stands between his sin and the father's anger, she is entering into the sufferings of her Lord Christ, and doing just what God did and is daily doing. So I do not deny that woman's place is hard. I do not wonder that many are vexed, and chafe. I do wonder there are no more. I am sure it is more difficult to be a good wife than true husband, and I know there are more true wives than husbands. Shame on the men! I will enter, with all my heart, the cry of indignation against all brutal men and husbands. Man knows little of the vicarious pity and griefs of women; little of her broken nights and weary limbs; and he is a brute who would not share these to the outside limits of his powers, and then he could do but little.

But I return to emphasize the higher truth—that sacrifice is celestial; that there is a halo about the crown of thorns; that redemption is by blood; that peace is of struggle; that he who suffers most for others is most like the divinest men, most like Christ and God. Women who do not understand this, but ought to, who do not enter into their higher life, draw back their souls and would descend to the plane of men; and my most serious protest against the spirit of the Woman Movement is, that we do not need a race of women more like men, but just as unlike as possible. The times demand, not increasing similarity, but dissimilarity. The world is not starving for more politicians and orators; the race will not die out or degenerate for lack of blatant stump speakers and platform termigants and scolds; but when the race of old-fashioned, sacrificing, devoted, contented wives and mothers are gone, God pity the world if left to the present set of women reformers! It is a glory to the name and sex of woman, that good wives have moulded men into good husbands, and good mothers make good children. The mother of Washington did not go to Congress or manœuvre an army, and should you ask her to-day, as she slumbers in her grave, what she did for the world, she would say, with a mother's greatest pride: "I gave the world *my* boy George." Yes, into his veins was poured her pure blood—it was his life of her life—and into his heart her noble conviction of truth and duty. She did a mother's full part when she wrapped her husband in the hallowing glory of her sex, and clothed the character of her child with her own charms of purity and integrity.

[*To be Continued.*]

The True Woman.

EDITED BY MRS. CHARLOTTE E. McKAY.

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Baltimore, Md., May, 1871.

ALL persons sending in their subscriptions during the present month will receive the first three numbers of "THE TRUE WOMAN."

ON the first page of our present issue will be found a sketch of "Mrs. Emma Willard," by MRS. A. L. PHELPS, with a "Tribute to the Memory of Mrs. Willard," by PROFESSOR DAVIES, being the second number of our series of the "Lives and Opinions of True Women."

On the third page, "Follies of the Woman Movement," by REV. ROBERT LAIRD COLLIER.

We have also the pleasure of presenting to our readers the first of a series of "Sketches of True German Women," by MR. MAURICE RADEN; "Charitable Work of the Women of Baltimore," by C. E. J; an "Original Poem," by E.; "Consistency," by MRS. W. G. WHEATON; continuation of "My Aunt Catherine," etc., etc.

We hope that ALL whom our paper may reach, and who are ready to unite with us in opposing the extension of Suffrage to Women, will identify themselves with the cause, and help to sustain us by acting as self-appointed agents, and secure and forward to us as many subscribers as possible.

WE find in an editorial of *The Patriot* of Washington that exception is taken to our existence. We regret to perceive that so dignified a journalist has no better appreciation of the aims of our paper than to suppose it is intended *to controvert* the Suffragists. THE TRUE WOMAN has a higher scope. It aims to encourage every true effort for the elevation of woman. While we certainly would regret to raise a cry of "wolf" on the Suffrage question, yet when fifty-five Members of Congress, and many of them influential, gravely vote to introduce Female Suffrage into the District of Columbia, we hold that entire silence on the part of good women looks more like that "silence which gives consent" than the "contempt" which this editor infers from inaction.

For twenty years the theory of "silent contempt" has prevailed, until now we have to meet a real danger, which might have deen easily controlled in the beginning but for this dangerous theory of inaction.

Correspondence.

FROM COMMODORE E., U. S. N.

MADAM:—Appreciating your efforts in behalf of your sex, and I may add of mankind generally, for I think we are all included in the dangerous dogmas now advanced by the "Woman's Suffrage" party, I enclose you my mite, $5, and will ask you to send me copies of your paper, which I will distribute from month to month, and in that way may add to your subscription list.

FROM AN EX-U. S. SENATOR.

MRS. EDITOR—*Dear Madam:*—I hail with great satisfaction the advent of "THE TRUE WOMAN," so greatly needed in this age of so many false ones. I hope and trust it will be a powerful instrumentality to counteract the mischiefs which they are doing. One of them told me, this morning, when I proposed to her to draw a bill for the civil equality of woman with man, and the doing away with all her legal disabilities, and assured her of my help and influence for its passage by our legislature, soon to convene, that she did not want it done *until she could have the ballot.* To such cruel infatuation must the suffering women of the country be doomed, that their deluded sisters may make capital out of their wrongs in matters of property and children, for the obtaining of their darling object—the ballot, The ballot is everything in their eyes, and the redress of woman's civil disabilities and wrongs must be postponed to minister to their ambition.

Literary Notices.

We have from Miss Catherine Beecher the proof sheets of a work entitled "WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE AND WOMAN'S PROFESSION."

It is gratifying to find that the really great among the feminine minds of our country, are gradually assuming their position among the hosts that are against the Ballot for Women. To have upon the side we advocate, two such leaders as Miss Catherine Beecher and her renowned sister, Mrs. Stowe, cannot be too highly appreciated. We have only room for one quotation, among many brave and beautiful sentences on the same subject. "Discussion on the question of the Ballot for Women has revealed its more comprehensive bearings." For redressing all legal wrongs, "why should we not rather take the shorter and surer mode, and ask for the *thing needed*, instead of the more circuitous and uncertain one involved in the ballot?" Any man who would grant the ballot would grant all for which the ballot is sought.

THE Messrs. Harpers' Spring publications manifest their usual good taste in literature, and their conscientious regard for the interests of morality and education. First, the elegantly executed volume by Dr. Dio Lewis, "OUR GIRLS," is a valuable offering to mothers and daughters; replete with practical remarks and instructions respecting the care of health; warnings against the wearing tight boots with small bits of high heels, which endanger life and destroy the grace of motion; the language of dress; the immorality of modern dances; the absurdity of fashionable dressing, &c.

"THE MOTHERLESS," Translated from the French of Madame Guizot De Witt by the author of John Halifax, Gentleman.

Such women are sure to give to the world wise and good instructions in beautiful language. We commend this book not only to "girls in their teens," for whom it is purported to be written, but to all who have a love for the pure and beautiful.

"ADVENTURES OF A YOUNG NATURALIST. By Lucien Biart. Edited by Parker Gilmore."

The Advent of De Foe's Robinson Crusoe was a new era in book making for boys. Lucien Biart, in tho volume before us, is like Caroline Westerley in the "Young Traveler," an imaginary character, representing a boy of nine years of age, who accompanies his father on a tour of scientific discovery through the cordilleras of Mexico. We can imagine an intelligent youth absorbed in the perusal of these pages, and gaining from them such knowledge of nature and taste for science as may develop into the future scientist, whose name will become celebrated in the annals of discoveries. But if not this, it is much that boys shall become interested in the appearance and phenomena of nature which lead them from the dangerous excitements of sensational stories. This volume, in the Harper style of execution, is an honor to American book-craft. Its one hundred and seventeen spirited and artistic engravings, are a remarkable feature in the book, and are alone worth more than its cost.

LOVE; OR, WOMAN'S DESTINY. A Poem in two parts, with other Poems. By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, author of "Woman's Record," "Sketches of American Character," "Northwood," etc., etc. From the press of Duffield & Ashmead, Philadelphia.

A charming little volume, filled with Christian, womanly thoughts, in smoothly flowing verse. A few extracts from her preface will serve to show the character of the book, and also how well the ideas of this distinguished lady coincides with those which have been enunciated in "THE TRUE WOMAN." "That women have a sphere and work of their own, in which they are pre-eminent, and that any attempt on their part to do the proper work of men will result only in discord and failure, is my earnest belief. Woman is the appointed guardian of morality and religion. Inferior to men in bodily strength and the inventive faculties, she has yet a finer sense of duty and piety; and in cherishing this divine life in the midst of a darkened world, lies her proper task. Man moulds the earthly; woman moulds humanity. I have depicted her in my poem comforting and soothing the miseries of war; bringing to savage nations the tidings of salvation; and teaching her children the great principles and doctrines which shall make them useful and happy. In the home, in the sick room, in the heathen zenanæ, is woman's mission; and they who would take her from these hallowed abodes of charity and love, to the workshop or the ballot, will prove her worst enemies."

OF a lecture entitled "The True Woman," delivered in various places by Mrs. M. G. Wheaton, a Washington clergyman thus writes:

"The lecture is one of marked ability, presenting the subject from a woman's standpoint, and is eminently a woman's production, and on that account all the more telling and forcible. It abounds in sound argument, hard hits, and practical common sense. Mrs. Wheaton makes no attempt at oratory or display of any kind, but her style is clear and elevated, and her manner earnest and impressive. One does not wonder, while hearing her, at the effect she produced upon the members of the Illinois State Convention. She is doing a good work for her sex, and for the defense of the marriage relation.

A PLEA FOR THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN, is the title of a lecture delivered at Olivet, Michigan, by Miss Dennis, Principal of the Female Department of Olivet College. The reporter says, "She opened with a very convincing, logical, and high-toned argument *against Woman Suffrage.* She also presented some very cogent reasons why women should not engage in the learned professions."

[For The True Woman.]

Trailing Arbutus.

I.

The young Spring tremulously stood,
And like a maiden shy,
Willing, yet waiting, to be wooed,
Hovered so doubtfully:

One well might gaze with quickened breath
Of hope, yet almost fear
Her delicate beauty, like a wraith,
Would faint and disappear.

To her the ancient oak was seen
To stretch his gnarled arms,
While willows, in a mist of green,
Melted to vernal charms;

On every bush and twig there showed
Some tokens of her power,
The woodland's spirit overflowed
In leaflet, bud, and flower.

The peach tree blushed—a happy maid—
Listening love's earliest vows;
The cherry paled—a bride—arrayed,
Expectant of her spouse.

The harmony was all of joy:
Neither in tree nor flowers
Was found that minor whose alloy
Chords nature's heart with ours.

II.

I trod the mosses soft and rare,
Spread 'neath old forest trees,
And gathered violets here and there
And frail anemones;

There, amid lichens cold and gray,
I spied the loveliest thing—
Arbutus—flung its fragrant spray
Right at the feet of Spring.

The florets lay, all waxen white,
Their pale cheeks on the ground,
By green leaves almost hid from sight—
Spreading above, around—

I knelt upon the yielding moss,
Yet could not pluck the flower,
Some spell my purpose seemed to cross
With pitying, pleading power.

"The pretty babes," I said, "that lay
In drear wood lost and dead,
The leaves, that o'er them painfully
The pious robins spread!"

I kissed the pale and rounded blooms,
Inhaled their spicy breath,
Then left them, like the flowers on tombs,
All dedicate to death;

Then, as I homeward walked, I thought
O'er all sweet, sad old lays,
The missing minor I had caught
From these arbutus sprays.

E.

[For the True Woman]

Consistency.

By Mrs. W. G. Wheaton.

There seems to be a strange disinclination on the part of some of our best women, who are heart and soul opposed to Woman's Suffrage, and its attendant evils, to take any decided action against the movement, even to signing a protest, which is the simplest, most delicate and least ostentatious way of saying, "I, *as one woman*, do not want to vote," or "I cordially coincide with the sentiments expressed in the protest." The name of these women is "legion." It cannot be from the fear of committing themselves, for they unhesitatingly avow their sentiments on every proper occasion. But they somehow seem to feel that in using their names to oppose suffrage, they become *mixed up* with the element which favors it. They say, very decidedly, "We are disgusted with the whole thing; we will have nothing to do with it;" forgetting that they have, for the past few years especially, aided and encouraged the spread of these pernicious doctrines, both by their purse and their presence. Lecture Committees, both in Literary Societies and Christian Associations, have employed the advocates of Woman Suffrage, and paid them large sums of money, to scatter broadcast the poisonous seeds of discontent, that are springing up everywhere, and bearing the bitter fruits of free-love and divorce, to say nothing of the painful heart-burnings engendered in homes that might otherwise have been peaceful. I have known wives, who never dreamed they were anything else but equals, companions and help-meets of their husbands, go home from one of Anna Dickinson's lectures, their minds poisoned against them, brooding over injuries they now for the first time imagine to have been inflicted upon them. If their purses are empty, they become clamorous for money, and if their husbands fail to supply them, they repeat over, with no gentle emphasis, the lessons they have learned from this gifted woman, whose noble powers have been used to bring about and encourage a war between the sexes.

While I do not blame women for shrinking away from publicity in this matter, I am forced to believe their position is, at the present time, a false one. Had they discountenanced and frowned down the movement from the beginning, it would have been different; but when they have helped give life to a hydra-headed monster, whose fangs are fastening themselves into the very hearts of our homes, is it not strange and inconsistent that they refuse to help slay the serpent, warmed and animated by their influence? They will tell you they have been to hear these women out of *curiosity*. If so, is it not pertinent to inquire, why they will not do as much from Christian duty and from principles as they will from curiosity? If the "dry bones" of Christian indolence and inactivity could be "breathed upon" by the Spirit of God, who has said to every soul that loves the Master, "go work in My vineyard to-day," there would be one united, overwhelming voice against this movement, that would be heard and felt in every nook and corner of our land.

Expensive Copying.—Certain newspapers in England, having copied a paragraph from a New York weekly relating to the domestic affairs of Mr. and Mrs. Otto Goldschmidt, have been obliged to pay for the same, damages to the amount of $10,000, recovered in three different cases of libel suits. Thus is the reputation of the husband of a true woman, Jenny Lind, triumphantly vindicated.

[For the True Woman.]

Sketches of True German Women.

By Maurice Raden.

I.—Miss Jenny Hirsch.

Biography teaches many useful lessons, but as the eye of the indulgent reader glances over the following imperfect sketch, let it be remembered that the pen of the biographer can narrate only the outward acts of persons. There is another biographer, whose fidelity can not be questioned. The name of that historian is *Memory*. Whatever may have been the station of the body on earth Memory will walk with the soul through the open gates of the spirit land; and the portrait which she will there exhibit, will be true to the life.

It is with a special purpose that I have chosen Miss Jenny Hirsch, of Berlin, as the subject of my first sketch. Although born in England, she has resided for twelve years in Berlin, called thither by special request of H. R. H. the Crown Princess of Prussia, Princess Victoria, of Great Britain and Ireland, and has done more for the intellectual welfare of her sex in that city than any other German lady I have heard of.

Far from inviting the attention of her sex to any political movement, she is continually engaged in opening to them the same resources of livelihood which have always been acceded to the stronger sex. It was Jenny Hirsch who animated her royal patron to give attention to the organization of a society for the better qualification of females for the practical duties of life. As soon as it was known that the good and favorite Crown Princess had taken steps towards the organization of said society, a new era in the sphere of womanhood seemed to dawn. Hundreds of ladies of the highest social standing rivalled each other in the honor of participating in this highly beneficial enterprise. It seemed as if the signal for activity in this large field was expected for some time to be given by a member of the royal family, and Berlin, the empire city and metropolis of Germany, owes all these beneficial institutions to the mutual efforts of H. R. H. and Miss Jenny Hirsch.

Soon the latter saw her first enterprise in flourishing condition, she re-awakened life and spirit in *Froebel's Kindergarten system*, organizing a woman's society in aid thereof. The benefits so largely derived from these excellent educational institutions are too well known in this country to need repetition. They have found in Mrs. Horace Mann, Miss Elizabeth Peabody and others warm advocates in America, and the large number of kindred establishments all over the country is surely the best proof of its popularity.

Formerly to poor girls or rather girls of limited means, not many ways were open for increasing their knowledge in the higher branches of instruction. Young men of the same class could easily manage

all these difficulties, because for them there was always abundant help. But otherwise with girls. The only road open for them was the Normal School. Thither they could go, but no further. A great change has taken place since H. R. H. the Crown Princess Victoria proffered her patronage to a plan suggested and carried out by Miss Hirsch. The plan was the following:

A bazaar containing every character and class of articles imaginable, and made by the fair sex, should continually be kept open for the sale of articles therein stored; the deficiencies in the stock being supplied as fast as created. The proceeds of this bazaar which in honor of its Patron is called "*the Victoria Bazaar*," amounting to large sums, are employed to complete the education of young ladies unable to provide the means for themselves.

A special institution was established for this purpose where hundreds and hundreds of young ladies are taught the art of telegraphing, book-keeping, and many other most useful branches, by means of which they can easily earn a most comfortable livelihood.

Miss Hirsch is constantly engaged in benevolent works, the fruits of which are made visible by the happiness of thousands to whom she has been in their straitened an unfortunate circumstances a source of assistance and advice.

May God crown this extremely useful life by endowing it with continual strength, health and happiness.

The True Woman.

Her name shines not in bannered field,
Where Right and Wrong so boldly war;
Nor rings her voice in any "cause"
Which men and women battle for;
Yet in her presence, subtle, sweet,
You long to kneel and kiss her feet.

No wondrous romance wreathes her life;
Nor hath she led a martyr train;
Nor beautiful nor rich is she,
But poor—and some would call her plain;
Yet in her two dear eyes you see
A beauty shining constantly.

No silken robe enfolds her form;
No dainty leisure hath her hands;
Her jewels are a simple ring;
A ribbon binds her hair's smooth bands;
Yet in her garment's simple grace
Her soul's regality you trace.

No gift hath she to shake and thrill!
A thankless world with warbled songs;
And art that wakes the ivory keys
To other hands than hers belongs;
Yet in her words of tender cheer
A richer music charms the ear.

She walks in humble ways of life
That leads ofttimes through gloom and shade;
And cares and crosses, not a few,
Are on her patient shoulders laid,
Yet smiles and drinks each bitter cup,
And keeps her brave eyes lifted up.

And homely ways she wreathes with grace,
Harsh duties turns to loving zest:
And cheery hope and steadfast will
Are at her side in work and rest;
Yet never dreams she you can spy
The angel looking from her eye!

We present to our readers the following brief outline of the work of Christian women of the Protestant Church in Baltimore. A Jewish friend has promised an account of some of the interesting Hebrew charities of the city for our next number, and we hope some Catholic friend will prepare for our columns a similar sketch of the great and widely appreciated charitable work of the devoted women of their Church:

Woman's Charitable Work in Baltimore.

Woman's labor of love for the lowly in the city of Baltimore is a subject so broad, so grand and comprehensive, that in approaching it one is painfully impressed with the inadequacy of a single newspaper article to do it justice. A satisfactory account of it would require volumes, and be the work of years rather than of days.

It is one of the compensations, in the present condition of our race, that in all our great cities, where are massed "the perishing and dangerous classes," and where poverty and vice are most rampant, are found many women whose lives are consecrated to works of practical philanthropy. The charms of society, the privileges and immunities of wealth, are deliberately laid aside, and, with a beautiful self-forgetting, "this one thing they do." They find in the wants and woes of the unfortunate classes around them the great opportunity of life.

Their hearts are so smitten with love to the Master, and so touched with the burdens and sorrows of His poor—whom they have always with them—that His injunction to do them good, becomes not only a rule of duty but a fascination.

None of our great cities, we believe, are more happy in this respect than Baltimore. The names of those who are at present engaged in this work we may not mention with words of eulogy. The record of their useful lives is still open, and we hope will long continue so.

But there are others whose record is closed, whose names, synonyms for all that is tender and beautiful and glorious in woman, are indissolubly connected with some of the charities now in operation, and may be mentioned with reverence and love. Among these are the late Mrs. Reverdy Johnson, Jr., whose life was literally given up to work for the poor and degraded of the city, but so crowned was it with the sweet grace of humility, that dying, she begged her friends to say nothing publicly of her life's work. Hand in hand with her, a kindred spirit, worked the late Mrs. George N. Cressy, until her short span of life terminated, and she was called to enter into the joy of a "good and faithful servant." Women these of whom the world was not worthy, but whose work, like that of their sisters still in the field, is imperishable as eternity itself.

THE FEMALE CITY MISSION

Owes its origin to the indefatigable efforts of Mrs. Cressy. It represents different denominations of Christians, and employs a faithful band of female missionaries, each having a special district. Their work is Tract distributing, Bible reading, holding prayer-meetings, and gathering children into Sabbath-schools. During the past year they have broken up two lager beer saloons and seven houses of ill-fame.

"We send them out," says a recent report, "charging them to visit alleys and lanes, not to pass by basement or garret, but to search out and find the sons and daughters of sin and shame, and say to them, "Come, for all things are now ready." Although having been in operation five years, its first public anniversary was held recently, addressed by several distinguished clergymen, and afterwards by Caroline E. Talbot, of the Society of Friends. In her clear, sweet tones and loving words she congratulated her sisters on what they had done, assured them of her great interest in their labors from the fact that for many years her dear Lord had laid on her a similar work, and added that in the five hundred lager beer saloons, and many other haunts of sin to which her footsteps had been turned, she had never met with insult, though constantly taking by the hand the most debased of both sexes, and seeking to win them to ways of holy living.

In connection with the Female City Mission has been established a

HOME FOR THE FALLEN,

Where all of that unhappy class who choose, or can be persuaded, to avail themselves of its shelter, find a safe home and quiet retreat, with such aids to a return to virtuous life and useful occupation as lies within the compass of wisdom, energy and ever-watchful kindness on the part of Christian friends to give. Labor in this field, though fraught with difficulty, has not been in vain, as is testified by the thorough reform of some who have put themselves within reach of its influence.

UNION PROTESTANT INFIRMARY.

A large and beautiful building on Division street, carried on at an expense of from five to six thousand dollars per annum, affording a merciful retreat for the sick who are able to pay a moderate board, and extending charity to the destitute. Reports, at its sixteenth anniversary, "number of patients admitted during the past year, one hundred; discharged, seventy-four; deaths, five; number of patients at present, fifty.

BALTIMORE ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Organized in the year 1798 as the "Female Humane Association Charity School." The names of the women who formed its first Board of Managers, says a recent report, "will recall to the memory

of our older inhabitants deeds fragrant with heaven-born charity."

By an Act of the Legislature the name was changed to the Female Orphan Asylum, and in 1848 that which it now bears.

HOME OF THE FRIENDLESS.

From the Sixteenth Annual Report, 1870, we make the following extracts:

"Our sixteenth anniversary closes a year marked by the most signal proofs of God's favor. Our borders, which were too strait for us, are enlarged, and we see the sphere of our activities widen and extend before us.

"Our 'Boys' Home,' so long a 'castle in the air,' has realized into solid and substantial masonry—now almost ready for our friends to furnish for us; albeit, the noblest part of its furniture has been long waiting in the shape of some 58 bright-eyed boys all eager to come into possession.

"Our 'Committee on Admissions and Dismissions' furnish the following statistics: Number of inmates at last report, 98; received since, 96; girls 63, boys 33, total 194. Of these, 40 have been discharged to parents and friends, 34 provided with homes, 1 adopted, 1 sent to Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, 1 to St. Vincent de Paul's Orphan Asylum, 1 to Industrial School, 3 left without consent, and 1 died—leaving at date 112.

"From the coldest outlook of the political and social economist, it would seem only an enlightened selfishness to aid such institutions to dispel moral malaria, and we pray earnestly for the time when our legislators, as custodians of the public morals, shall see at least an *equal* remuneration in the redemption of moral and of physical wastes; nay, when the 'veins of flesh' shall be valued above the 'veins of rock,' and 'a man be more precious than fine gold.'

"The Treasurer's account shows, for the year ending November, 1870, an expense, including the erection of the new building, of $25,656.88."

THE AGED MEN'S HOME AND THE AGED WOMEN'S HOME

Are among the most interesting of the charitable institutions of the city. Expenses for both Homes during the year 1870, $8,863.81.

The report for that year says: "At no previous time has our condition been more satisfactory; especially has this been the case in the Women's Home. The general health of both Homes has been good, taking into consideration the inevitable infirmities of old age, though several have passed away in both Homes.

"In the Women's Home eight have been admitted, and five men to the Men's Home during the year."

THE HOME FOR THE AGED OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Is yet in its infancy, but promises well. Number of inmates, 21.

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Was organized in February, 1869. Its especial aim is to look after young women of the industrial classes, coming as strangers to the city, and endeavor to bring them under moral and religious influences by aiding them in the selection of suitable boarding places and employment, by introducing them to the members and privileges of the Association, securing their attendance at some place of worship, and by every means in their power surrounding them with Christian influences.

INDIVIDUAL EFFORT.

A very interesting work of charity has grown up during the past year in Canton, a suburb of Baltimore.

A large number of colored people in this village were without means of instruction of any kind, until taken in hand by a lady whose large means enable her to carry on the work at her own expense. Having associated with her a friend, she hired a house, brought the people together at first for prayer-meetings and temperance meetings, then founded a school, for which she furnishes the teacher. Nor do her efforts end in the prayer-meeting and school. She is the true Lady Bountiful to this neglected community, seeking out the poor and sick, furnishing employment to those who can work, and relieving in every possible way the various forms of suffering that come to her knowledge.

CHARITIES THAT HAVE GROWN OUT OF THE WAR.

Of these, one of the most beautiful and successful is that known as

THE SOCIETY FOR THE LIBERAL EDUCATION OF SOUTHERN GIRLS.

From a report for the year ending July, 1870, we make the following extracts:

"It may be interesting to those who care for the education of Southern girls, to learn the operations of this Society, not only for the past year, but from its inauguration in May, 1867. A knowledge of the work that has been done, and of what is still to do, may prompt them to renewed efforts for its completion. Sixty-seven girls from different Southern States have been received, under the auspices of the Society, at schools in Baltimore, Virginia, and South Carolina. Of that number forty-two have graduated. Several have obtained positions as teachers; thus benefiting others, while supporting themselves. A large proportion have become communicants of the church. From the high grade attained in first-class schools, they give promise of carrying cultivation and refinement to their Southern homes.

"The small amount spent in their education will effect more lasting good than tenfold its value in mere food and clothing. The average amount of contributions received each year, has been about $5,000; of which, not more than $40 has been spent for each girl for clothing.

"The Society has, at present, twenty-five girls under its auspices, whose education has been commenced, but not completed. It is to finish this work that they ask for contributions from all classes and sects.

"The Society will be kept in existence until these girls are all educated; and, should the increased contributions authorize it, it would gladly assist those who have been eagerly waiting, from year to year, to claim its assistance.

THE MARYLAND SOLDIERS' HOME.

For efficiency, economy, and successful accomplishment of the work undertaken, this Institution is a model. It owns at present a good property on the principal business street of the city, and has its usual number of inmates. It has been for the last five years *the only perfectly free hospital* in Baltimore. In view, however, of the fact, that the United States Government has provided ample asylums for all the remnants of the army, this Home contemplates closing its doors in the summer of 1871.

UNION ORPHAN ASYLUM.

A beautiful mansion, lovely grounds, a whole city square enclosed and under culture, eighty-three healthy, happy-looking children, everything about the building in good working order, attest a noble work nobly done. Nothing can exceed the zeal, good sense and ability manifested by the ladies in getting possession of and maintaining the beautiful and valuable property they occupy.

This Asylum is conducted in a somewhat original manner. The children are not isolated and costumed so that they are made to feel the burden of charity at all times. They are dressed like other children, sent to the schools in the neighborhood of the Asylum, become candidates for the High School, and if capable can be educated for teachers. This, then, is not a temporary home, where children are received and put out, but a home and shelter for the class of children for whom it was instituted until they shall be fitted to maintain themselves in some useful sphere for which they may show an aptitude or receive a training. The only boy who has grown up in this Asylum has received a promise of an appointment to West Point.

SHELTER FOR COLORED ORPHANS.

This asylum owes its origin to the zeal, perseverance and ability of the late Mrs. J. Saurin Norris. A work undertaken in the face of long-existing prejudice, and by a party already heavily burdened by the charities growing out of the war, has become one of the most popular and efficiently managed institutions in the city. From 30 to 40 colored children are here carefully and patiently trained by a white matron and a white teacher.

The children are sent to the Sunday-schools of churches belonging to people of their own color, and every means used to bring them up to be intelligent and useful members of society.

Other charitable institutions, such as Children's Aid Society, Boys' Home, &c., are largely indebted to women for their usefulness, but are omitted here as not belonging to that class of charities which owe their inception, progress and successful operation exclusively to the persevering efforts of women.

The above-mentioned are carried on at an expense of from sixty to seventy thousand dollars per annum, all of which money is raised by industry and tact, the avails of ingenuity in fairs and successful appeals to the generosity of male co-adjutors.

Could this energy and skill be as usefully employed if turned into channels of political ambition? C. E. J.

[Translated for the True Woman.]

My Aunt Catherine.—No. II.

A NORMANDY STORY.

"M. Nicholas, for some time past I have perceived that your manner, when you are with me, is constrained and embarrassed. Why not be more frank? You have wished to love me, but really you love some one else. It is not your fault."

"Mademoiselle, ——"

"Don't deny it; I am sure of it. My second sister is charming, and will make a good wife. Far from being vexed with you, I thank you for your good wishes towards me, and I will help you to gain my sister."

Nicholas stammered, wept and ended by confessing that, in spite of himself, that heart which he had tried to give to the elder sister had been carried away by the younger. He asked pardon over and over again—a pardon which was generously granted by my Aunt Catherine.

The difficulty was to gain the consent of the father and mother. Catherine undertook this herself. She had an understandidg with her brother, and they two finished by convincing the parents that to send away Nicholas would only injure the family, and profit no one; that it would be easy to make it appear that he had always been the lover of the second sister; so one of the five girls would be provided for, which, on account of the number, was certainly a very important thing. As to the hitherto unknown thing of marrying a younger daughter first, it could be excused on account of the delicacy of Catherine's health, etc.

Nicholas married, then, the second sister. My Aunt Catherine was her bridesmaid, and the most amiable and gayest that had ever been seen. She was happy in the happiness of her fiancé and her sister.

And now, would you believe it? Four sisters of my Aunt Catherine were married in this manner. The breach was made. The sighing lovers knew now where to enter. They presented themselves, one after the other, for the eldest sister, and finished by marrying the younger. Catherine lent herself with the best grace in the world to the lover's plots; and used to say, laughingly, "I am the most courted and least married of girls."

She had only one regret: that she could not decide her youngest sister to take also a husband from her hand; but this last was of a more serious character, and she preferred to follow the fortunes of her uncle, the curé of a neighboring parish, forced by the revolution to emigrate. The young man who presented himself to obtain her, was almost in despair, and my Aunt Catherine began to think she would be obliged to marry him herself, in order to console him. It really liked to have been so. She was so good.

But about that time another kind of existence began for her. This nature, delicate, rather melancholy, so little appreciated by the stout and robust young farmers, who, in their realistic style, wished their wives to have brilliant health and full figures, and who, to use their expression, "wanted the change for their money," my Aunt Catherine, experienced at last one of those rare sympathies which charm those who inspire them, and which, if they do not always bring happiness, yet leave in the soul remembrances so sweet and dear that they radiate through a whole lifetime.

Here Madame, I am going to let her speak for herself, having no other aim but that you should become really acquainted with her, and fearing to alter the simplicity of the recital I will repeat word for word that which she narrated to me with all the frankness of a child. Nothing shall be wanted, except her accent, so full of sincerity, that it would give even to falsehood the air of truth.

One evening, when she was seventy years of age, we had just finished our supper; according to our custom we were each sipping our little cups of coffee. We were cosily seated before the fire. It came to my fancy to leave the course of our ordinary conversations, and I said to her:

"I would like to know, aunt Catherine, why you did not get married as well as your sisters?"

"You have a great deal of curiosity," said she, "nobody to-day knows that, and I like better to speak of something else."

This only the more excited my curiosity. I pressed the subject. I became almost importunate. At last, yielding to my cajolery and entreaties, and after pouring out for her a second cup of coffee (this was her weak spot), I obtained the following recital:

"When all my sisters had quitted our home my father fell suddenly ill and died. This was a great grief, not only for his own family, but for all the country round, for he was good, and goodness, my dear, it is that which makes one loved and regretted; by that, one is the friend, the relation of everybody. Remaining alone with my mother I became all at once a very important person. She resolved to carry on the bakery; she attended to the interior affairs of the business herself, bought the wheat at the market and at the sales in the neighborhood and environs, always with the same activity and rectitude of character. She was a woman of great good sense, and my brother, now fully launched in his own more important affairs, knew how to give her counsel in difficulties. My business was to attend to making payments, and giving receipts for money. Now, making payments is easy enough, but receiving is quite another thing. Often an often I was obliged to go several times to our customers, to obtain a third or even a quarter of what was due on our books, and little as I received I took it always with a feeling of chagrin. It is so hard to take from even one's debtors the money of which they seemed so much in need.

I had, in order to make my rounds, a pretty little white horse, which ambled along gently enough. Everybody that I met saluted the little boulangère. This was the surname which had been given me at the Chateau of G——, a quarter of a league from here, where I went regularly to collect our bills. The Chateau, which it is said was built on the model of the Palace of Versailles, by Marshal Villars, was not then the ruin that it is to-day. It had a rich proprietor who kept the buildings all in good condition and the apartments richly furnished. Its immense and magnificent crown of grand old trees were not then stripped year after year of leaves and branches to make money, as the young and old see now with sorrow. This truly noble proprietor was a foreigner, a member of the British Parliament, the Marquis of L., more worthy to be a Frenchman than he who to-day ordains the deplorable devastation that now marks the grounds and Chateau of G.

[*To be Continued.*]

THE TRUE WOMAN—Delicate, but not weak; brave, not bold; decided, not blustering.

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